

# THE PRENTICES Answer to the VVHORES PETITION.

**S**Ad was the day although clear was the weather  
When the rude rout against you met together,  
Though boys were said to be the first beginners  
T'was men on mischief bent that were the *Sinners*.  
The *Prentices* tis known are not so rude,  
T'was but the scum of a rude multitude,  
Who under that same Name of *Prentices*  
Would have pul'd down houses and *Pentices*  
In every place, twas they that were the hollowers,  
Such as we'e *Naples Massanello's* followers,  
Tis truth we will not your base actions own,  
But let the truth unto the world be shewn;  
Though you by your loose actions foully deal,  
We scorn to plunder, or to rob or steal  
But tis our griefs we should be so base fitted  
Under our Names such things should be committed.

We are full sensible such rude beginnings  
Can be to you and us but fatal winnings,  
No, those who in such desperate actions deal,  
Are such who only minde to rob and steal,  
Men of as wicked lives as you can be,  
Who spurn the rope, kick at the Gallow tree  
Who would, and have no doubt with you drove trades.  
We spurn their acts, and hate such dirty Jades:  
Who a right *Prentice* is doth scorn base Actions  
And under fair pretences head rude factions,  
We know the consequence of such distasters  
What tis when as the rabble becomes masters;  
"When men on freedom given do make intrusion  
"What follows but disorder and confusion.

Yet let us tell you too you are not blameless  
Your damned impudence hath made you shameless,  
You at your doors doe stand Poxed and Painted  
Perfum'd with powder yet with all vice tainted.  
You with your becks and damnd alluring looks  
Are unto men juft like to tenter hooks  
To pull them in, and truck with such base Jades  
And so to make worke for the *Surgeons* trades  
It is your curfed acts and cealings base  
Makes pocky Bills so thick in every place,  
A man can't piss but if he cast his eye  
A two or three of them he shall etpy,

All this occasioned by your base Jading  
For why, so long as Rogues and VVhores are trading,  
The *Surgeons* will have work, who in such wars  
Gain more by *Venus*, then they do by *Mars*.

Tis known that most of us we are well bred  
And scorn a giddy multitude to head,  
We know we shall Masters become in time  
And that *Rebellion* is a survy crime,  
T'was such as bad as you this harm hath done you;

For us, we scorn to foul our fingers on you,  
Now think the Proverb right falls to your lot  
That *what upon the Devils back is got*  
*Is spent under his belly*, all men believes  
You got your wealth by *Rogues*, lost it by *Thievet*.

Then for our selves we to the world appeal  
If in this case we do not fairly deal;  
Let the right Horse the saddle have on's back,  
Let us not blamed be you went to wrack  
We know you not, nor did we know your houses,  
We scorn such Pocky Jades, such dirty Blowies,  
VVe partly do believe that it is true  
T'was some you clapt before, that now clapt you.

Next unto them let's speak, who in our Names  
By their base facts doe murder our good fames,  
VVe wish you hence forth for to have a care  
Least that the Halter doe fall to your share.  
For those who do such acts, it is their lot,  
At last to fall in *Squire Duns* Porridge-pot;  
Such Rope ripe Actions will cause you to wear  
A Riding knot an inch below your ear.  
And all men know it is a dangerous thing  
At the *Tiburnian* Tree to take a Swing.  
Let our advice to so much goodness win ye  
As not to stirre, unless the *Devils* in ye,  
For if you in proceedings further sink  
The more you stir, the worser will you sink.  
You and whoever shall be your partaker  
VVill by that means make work for the *Rope-maker*,  
For though you think much by it may be vvon  
By doing thus you'r sure to be undone,  
For what so ere by such things you may hope  
The final end of Tumults is a R O P E.